

Richard
M. 10111

M^r Hen^r. Purcell's

*Favourite Songs
out of his most celebrated*

ORPHEUS BRITTANICUS

*and the
rest of his Works
the whole*

*fairly Engraven and
carefully corrected*

*London Printed for & sold by In.^o Walsh Serv^t to his Majesty at the
Harp & Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand: and In.^o & Joseph Hare
at the Viol & Flute in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange*

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Acis & Galatea
Crispus & Muzio Scavola

(2)

*A Song sung by Mrs Aliff in the Play call'd Tyrannick -
Love or the Royall Martyre set by Mr Henry Purcell*

Ah! how sweet, Ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love; Ah! - Ah! -

Ah! - how gay is young desire. And what pleasing

pains, and what pleasing pains we prove, when first, when first we feel a Lovers

fire. Pains of Love are sweeter far than all, all, all, all, all.

other pleasures are. Pains of Love are sweeter far, than all, all, all, all.

other plea - - - - - sures are are

*Sigh's that are from Lovers blown,
Gentle move, and heave the heart,
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Like trickling balm cure the smart,
Lovers when they loose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death,*

Celia has a thousand Charms: Set by Mr Henry Purcell and Transposed for f Flute

Celia has a thousand, thousand, thou - - - Sand Charms, tis Heav'n, tis
Heav'n to live with in - - - her Arms, while I stand gazing on her Face, some new, & some resistless
grace fills with fresh magick all - - - the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some new & some
resistless grace fills with fresh magick all - - - f place:
But while the Nymph I thus a - - - dore, But while the Nymph I thus, I thus a -
- dore, I should my wretched, wretched, wretched Fate deplore for Oh Mirtallo, oh Mirtallo, have a
care, have a care, her Sweetness is a-bove compare, but then she's false, she's false but then she's
false, she's false as well as fair, have a care, have a care, have a care Mirtallo, have a care, Mir-
tallo have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

For f Flute

For f Flute

A SONG Sung before the late Queen Sett by ⁽⁴⁾M^r Henry Purcell

Celebrate this Festival, Celebrate this Festival, Ce... Celebrate this Festival. 'Tis Sacred bid the Trum... pets cease, 'tis Sacred bid the Trum... pet cease. Kindly treat Maria's Day, and your Homage will repay. Bequeathing Blessings on our Isle, the tedious Minutes to beguile till Conquest, till Conquest, till Conquest to Maria's Arms restore, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her Hero to depart, no more, no, no more, no, no more, no, no more, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her Hero to depart, no more no, no more no, no more.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a lute line (bass clef). The second system also has a vocal line and a lute line. The music is in 3/4 time and features various ornaments and triplets. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

For the Flute.

The musical score for the flute part consists of five staves. The music is in 3/4 time and features various ornaments and triplets. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Dear pretty youth A SONG in the ⁽⁵⁾ TEMPEST Set by M^r H. Purcell.

Dear, Dear, pretty pretty, pretty youth, Dear pretty, pretty, pretty
youth Unvail, unveil those eyes, unveil, unveil those eyes. How can you, can you sleep; how
can you, can you sleep, how can you can you sleep, when I when I am by when I when I am by;
were I with you all night to be methinks I could, methinks I could, I could from sleep be
free: methinks I could, methinks I could from sleep, I could from sleep be free.
very slow *Quick*
Alas! A last my Dear, your cold cold as Stone, you must no longer, no no longer, no,
no longer, no, no longer longer lie a lone. But be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear
Dear: But be with me my Dear. And I in each arme, and I in each arme, will hugg you, hugg you
close: Will hugg you hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm: Will hugg you, hugg you
close, will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close, and keep you warm.

From *Rosie Bowrs* A SONG Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

From *Rosie Bowrs* where sleeps the God of Love, hither, hither ye little waiting Cupid

fly fly ----- y fl ----- y. hither ye lit - tle waiting Cu - pids fly, teach me, teach me in

soft Me - lodious Songs, to move with ten - der, ten - der Passion my Heart's, my heart's dar - ling Joy.

ah! let the Soul of Musick Tune my Voice to Win dear Strephon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my

Voice to Win dear Strephon, dear, dear, dear Strephon, who my Soul en - joys.

or if more in - flu - encing is to be brisk and Ai ry with a Step and a Bound and a Frisk from the

Ground I will Triplike a ny Fairy; As once on I - da Danceing were three Ce - lestial Bodie; with an Air, So

Face and a Shape and a Grace let my Charm like Beauty's Goddess, with an Air, and a Face, and a

Shape, and a Grace let me Charm like Beauties Goddess. Ah! ah! tis in vain, tis all, tis all,

all in Vain, Death and De-spair must end the Fa-tal pain, cold Despair, cold cold, De-spair dis-

gms'd like Snow and Rain falls, falls, falls on my Breast, Bleak Winds in Tempest Blow - - - in Tempest

Blow - - - in my Veins all Shiver, and my Fingers Glow, my Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March, my

Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March for lost re- pose, and to a so- lid lump of Ice my poor, poor kind Heart is froze.

Or say ye Pow'rs say, say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown shall I?

shall I shall I Thow my self for drown, shall I shall I shall I Thow my self for drown, a mongst the

foaming Billows in-creasing, all with Tears I shed on Beds of Ooze and Chrystal Pillows, lay down,

down, down lay down down down my Love- Sick Head say, say ye Pow'rs, say, say ye Pow'rs my

Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I Than my self or drown, shall I, shall I, shall I

Than my self or drown. No, no, no, no, no I'll straight run Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad,

Mad that soon, that soon my Heart will warm, when once the Sense is fled, is fled Love,

Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no,

no, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm. Wild thro the

Woods I'll fl - y. Wil - d thro the Woods I'll fl - y.

Robes, Locks shall thus, thus, thus, thus be tore a Thousand thousand deaths I'll

die, a thousand thousand deaths I'll die ere thus, thus in vain, ere thus, thus in

vain, thus in vain a - dare

From Rosie Bow's For the FLUTE

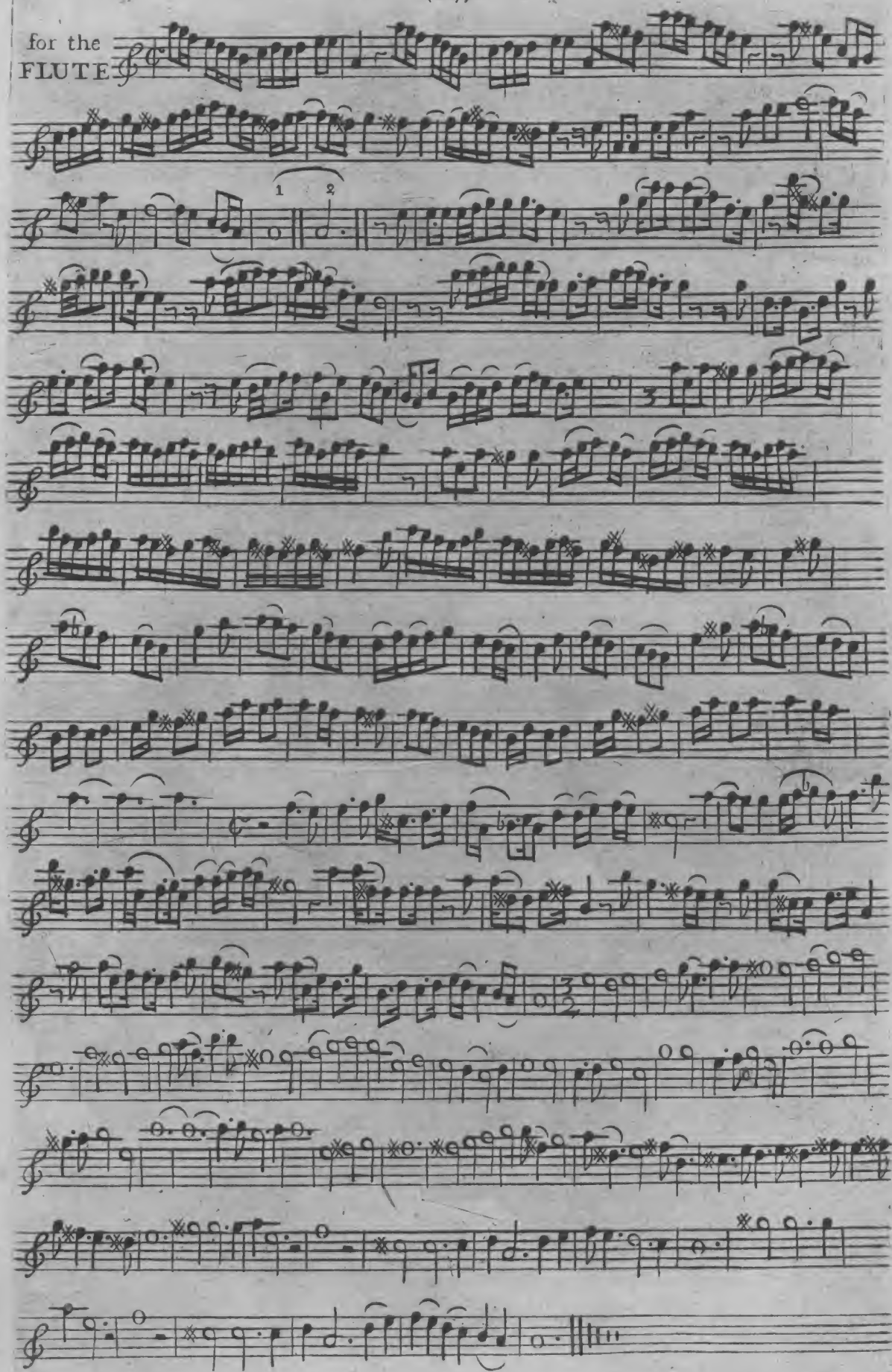


(10)
A SONG Set by M^r Henry Purcell

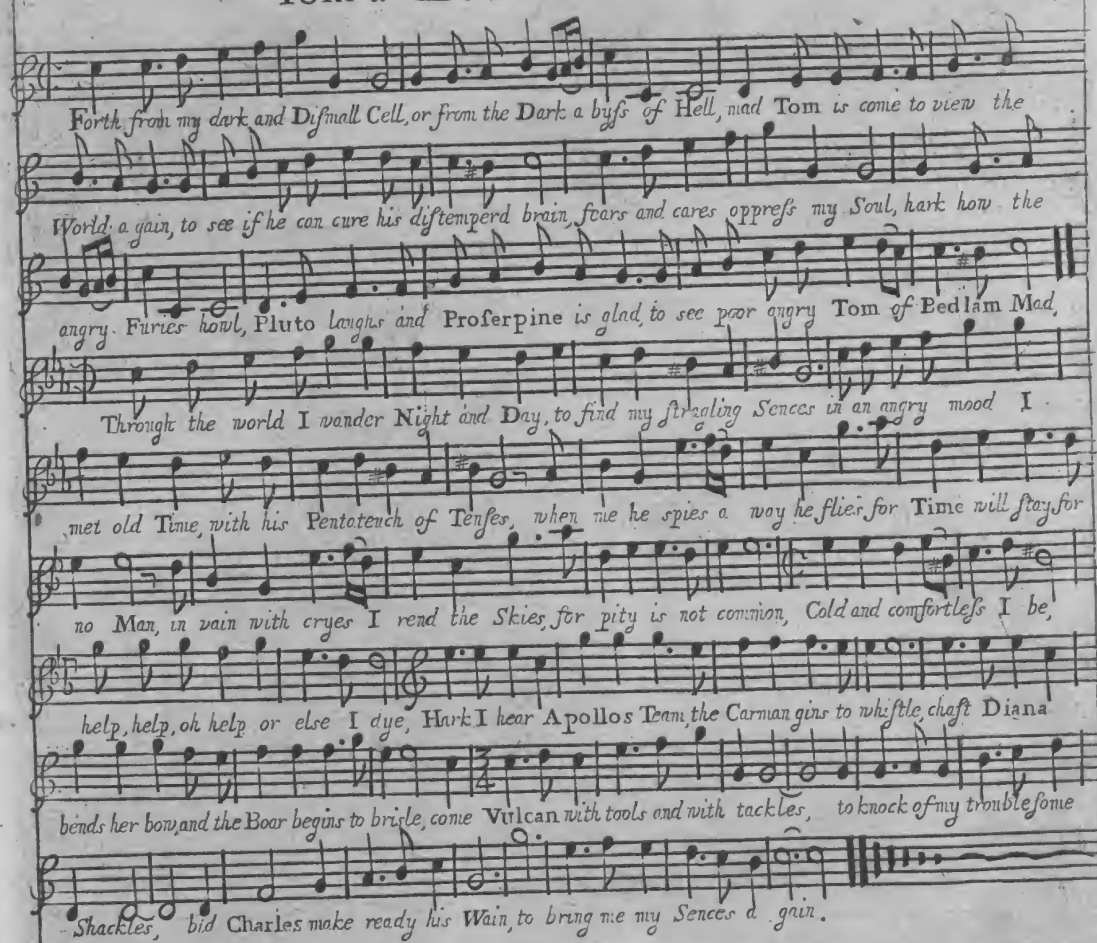
Handwritten musical score for a song set by Henry Purcell. The score is written on ten systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are written below the staves. The music features a variety of note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers, with some passages marked 'fl' (faster). The lyrics are as follows:

Y swift ye Hours, fl — — — Y swift ye
Hours, make hast make hast fly — make hast make hast fl — — — Y fl — Y swift — I than
th — — — Y lazy Sun, make hast make hast make hast 43# and drive the te-dious Minutes on.
the te-dious Minutes on. 1 2 on Bring back my Bel-vide-ra, my Bel-vide-ra
to my sight, bring back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra to my sight.
my Bel-vi-de-ra then thy self more bright, make hast make hast make hast bring
back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra to — — — to my sight. swifter y
Time, my ea-ger Wi-shes mo — — — ve, swifter than Time, my ea-ger Wi-shes
mo — — — ve, my ea — — — ger Wi-shes move, &
scorn the beaten Paths, and scorn the beaten Paths of Vulgar love, & scorn y^e beaten

Paths, and scorn the beaten Pa - - - - - ths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beaten pa - - -
 - - - ths of Vul - gar Lo - - - - - ve, Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd.
 Breast, Soft Peace Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd Breast, Love robs my Days of
 Ease Love robs my Days of Ease my Nights of Rest Love robs my Days of Ease Love
 robs my Days of Ease my Nights, my Nigh - - - - - ts of rest, Yet tho her cru - el Scorn,
 provokes De - spair, yet tho her cru - el Scorn, her cru - el Scorn provokes De - spair, my
 Passion still is strong, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, a
 she is Fair, Still must I Love, still blest the plea - - - - - sing Pain, still court
 my Ruine, still still court my Ruine and em - brace my Chain, still court my Ruine,
 still, still court my Ruine and em - brace my Chain.

for the
FLUTE

Tom a Bedlam⁽¹³⁾

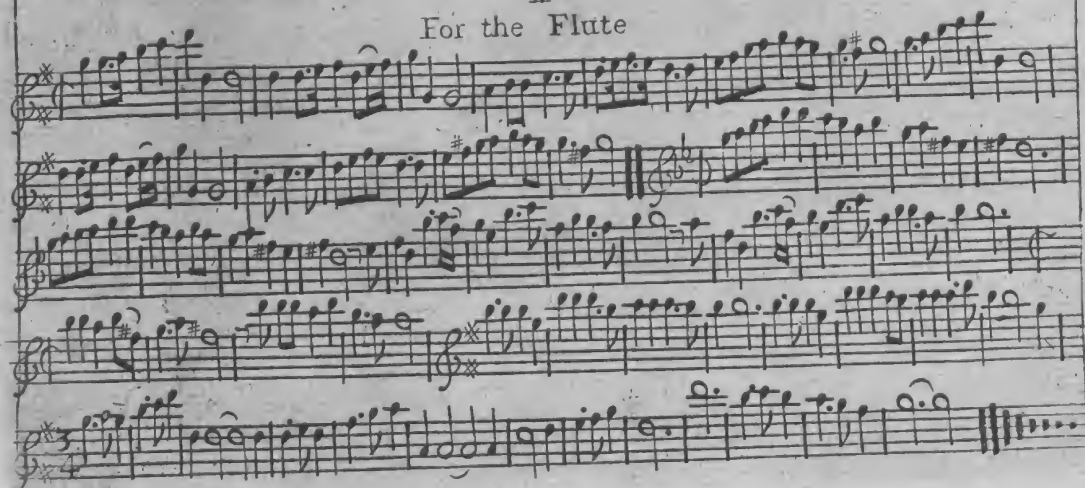


Forth from my dark and Dismall Cell, or from the Dark a byss of Hell, mad Tom is come to view the
 World a gain, to see if he can cure his distemperd brain, fears and cares oppress my Soul, hark how the
 angry Furies howl, Pluto laughs and Proserpine is glad to see poor angry Tom of Bedlam Mad,
 Through the world I wander Night and Day, to find my stragling Sences in an angry mood I
 met old Time, with his Pentateuch of Tenses, when me he spies a way he flies for Time will stay for
 no Man, in vain with cryes I rend the Skies for pity is not common, Cold and comfortless I be,
 help, help, oh help or else I dye, Hark I hear Apollos Team, the Carman gives to whistle chaff Diana
 bends her bow, and the Boar begins to bristle, come Vulcan with tools and with tackles, to knock of my troublesome
 Shackles, bid Charles make ready his Wain, to bring me my Sences a gain.

Last night I heard the Dog Star bark,
 Mars met Venus in the dark,
 Lymping Vulcan heat an Iron bar,
 And furiously made at the great God of Warr,
 Mars with his weapon laid a bout,
 Lymping Vulcan had got the Gout,
 His broad Horns did hang so in his light,
 That he cou'd not see to aim his blows aright,
 Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrel,
 Gorrel belly'd Bacchus Giant like,
 Bestrid a Strong beer barrel,
 To me he drank I did him thank,

But I could drink no Sider,
 He drunk whole Buts till he burst his guts,
 But mine was ne'er the wider,
 Poor Tom is very dry,
 A little drink for Charity,
 Hark I hear Acteon's hounds,
 The Hunts man whoops and hollows,
 Ringwood Rockwood Iowler Bowman,
 All the Chace doth follow,
 The man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
 Eats powder'd Beef Turnep and Carret,
 But a Cup of Malago Sack,
 Will fire the Bush att his Back,

For the Flute



Bess of Bedlam Set by ⁽¹⁴⁾ M^r Henry Purcell

From silent Shads and the Elizium Groves, where sad departed Spirits moorn, their Loves from Chryftall

streams, and from that Country where Jove Crowns y^e Feilds with Flowers, all y^e year poor Senceless Bess cloath'd

in her Rags, and folly is come to cure her Lovesick Melancholly, Bright Cinthia kept her Revels late while Mab y^e Fairy

Queen did Dance, and Oberon did sit in State, when Mars at Venus ran his Lance, in yonder Comfleep lies my Dear en

tombl'd, in liquid Genons of Dew, each day I'll water it with a Tear, its fading Blossom to re new, For since my

Love is dead and all my Joys are gone, poor Bess for his sake a Garland will make, my Musick shall be a Groan,

I'll lay me down and dye within some hollow Tree, y^e Raven and Cat, the Owle and Bat, shall war — ble forth

my Ele — gy, did you not see my Love as he past by you, his two flaming Eyes if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your

Hearts, Ladys beware ye lest he shoud dart a glance that may enshare ye, Hark, hark Thear old Charon bawl, his

Boat he will no longer stay the furies lash their Whips and call, come, come a way come, come away poor Bejs will return to the place
 whence she came, since the world is so mad, she can hope for no cure, for loves grown a Bubble, a shadow a name which fools do ad-
 mire & wise men en- dure, cold & Hungry am I grown, Am brost a will I feed upon drink Nectar still and Sing, who is content doe
 all sorrow prevent & Bejs in her Strav whilst free from y^e law in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

For the Flute

no - blest Scars look fi - nest in Celias Eyes, ke off ur Slothfull ease, let Glory, let Glory, let Glory inspi - re our Hearts, remember a Soldier in war & in Peace, remember a Soldier in war in war & in Peace, is the blest of all other Arts, remember a Soldier in war & in Peace, remember a Soldier in war in war & in Peace, is the blest of all other Arts.

(18)
A SONG in the Play call'd Oranzebe Set to Musick by M^r Hen^r Purcell,
Sung by M^{rs} Alyff.

I see, I see she flyes me, she flyes me, I see, I see she flyes me,
she flyes me, flyes - - - me, she flyes me every where, she flyes me
ev'ry where, her eyes, her eyes her scorn, her scorn discover, but what's her scorn, but
what's her scorn or my dispair, since tis my fate, tis, tis my fate, since tis, tis my fate,
since tis my fate to love her, since tis my fate to love her, Were she but
kind, kind, were she but kind, kind whom I - - a dore, I might live long - - -

(19)

er but not love - - - her more were she but kind kind were she
but kind kind whom I - - a dore I might live long - - - er live long -
- - er but not love - - - her more

This block contains the first three systems of a vocal score. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a minor key, indicated by two flats in the key signature. The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C). The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign.

for the
FLUTE

This block contains the flute solo section, consisting of seven systems of music. The music is written for a single flute (treble clef). The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C). The key signature is two flats. The music is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages and trills. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign. The fourth system ends with a repeat sign. The fifth system ends with a repeat sign. The sixth system ends with a repeat sign. The seventh system ends with a repeat sign.

A SONG Set by ⁽²⁰⁾ M^r Henry Purcell.

IF Musick, & Musick be the foo- - - d of Love, sing on sing on,

sing on sing on, sing, si- - - ng on till I am fill'd with Jo-

-y, till I am fill'd with Joy, for then my listning soul you mo-

ve for then my listning soul you mo- - - ben you move to plea-

-sures that can never, never cloy, your Eyes your Mean, your Tongue declare, that

you are Mu- - - sick ev'ry where, your Eyes your Mean, your

Tongue declare, that you are Mu- - - sick ev'ry where,

Pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, so fier-

-ce, so fier- - - ce the transports are they poun- - - d, so fier- - - ce

transports are they wound, and all my Senses feasted are, and all my Senses feasted are, tho' yet
 Treat is only sound, tho' yet the Treat is only sound, sound, sound, sound, sound,
 sound, is on-ly sound, sure I must perish, I must, I must perish by your Charms,
 unless you sa- - - - - ve me, in your Armes.

for the
FLUTE

A SONG in the Fools Preferment⁽²²⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

I'll sail upon the Dog-star, I'll sail upon the Dog-star, and
then pursue the Morning, and then pursue, and then pursue the Morning, & I'll chase y^e moon, till
it be noon, I'll chase the Moon, till it be Noon, but I'll make, I'll make her leave her Horning, I'll
climb the Frosty Mountains, I'll climb the Frosty Mountains, and there I'll Coyne the Weather. I'll
tear the Rainbow from the sky, I'll tear the Rain-bow from the sky, and tye, and tye both
ends together. The stars pluck from their Orbs too, the stars pluck from their Orbs too, &
crowd them in my Budget. And whether I'm a Roar - - - ing boy.
a Roar - - - ing Boy, let all, let all the Nation Judge it.

for the
FLUTE

A SONG Set by M^r Henry Purcell.⁽²³⁾

I Look'd, I look'd, and saw within the Book of Fate, where many Days did low'r, w^h

lo, when lo one happy, happy Hour leapt up leapt up and smild leapt up and smi - - -

- ld to save thy sin - - - king state. A Day shall come when in thy pow'r thy

cruell foes shall be, a Day shall come when in thy pow'r thy cruell foes shall be, then shall the

Land be free, and thou in Peace and thou in Pea - - - ce shalt Reign, but take, Oh - - -

oh - - - take that opportunity, which once refus'd, will never, never, never come again, will

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, come again.

for the
FLUTE

Let the Dreadfull Engines A SONG⁽²⁴⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

LET the dreadfull Engines of eternall will, the Thun- der Ro- ar &
crook- ed Lightning kill, my rage is hot, is hot, is hot- as theirs, as fa- tall to, and
dares as horrid and dares as horrid horrid ex- ecution do, Or let the Frozen North its ran-
cour, Show, within my Breast far, far grea- ter Tempests grow, Dispair's more
cold, more co- ld than a- ll the winds can blow; Can nothing, can nothing warm me, can
nothing can nothing warm me, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucindas eyes, yes, yes, yes, yes yes yes Lucindas
eyes, yes yes, yes yes yes Lucindas eyes there there, there there there Etna, there, there, there there Vesuvio
Lies to furnish Hell with flames, that mount- ing, mounting reach the Skyes, can
nothing can no thing warm me, can nothing can nothing warm me, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucindas eyes, yes, yes,
yes, yes yes yes Lucindas eyes, yes yes, yes yes yes Lucindas eyes, Ye powers I did but use her name;
and see how all, and see how all, meteors flame, blew lightning flashes round the Court of Sol, and now the Globe more feirly

burns then once at Phaetons fall, ah ah

where where are now where are now where are now those Flow-ry Groves where Zephirs fragrant winds did play,

ah where are now where are now where are now those Flow-ry Groves where Zephirs fragrant winds did play where

guarded by a troop of Loves the fair the fair Lucinda sleeping lay, there, Sing the Nightingall, and Lark, around us all was

sweet and gay, we ne're grew sad till it grew dark, nor nothing fear'd but Shortning day, I glow I glow I glow but

tis with hate, Why must I burn, why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this ingrate, why, why must I burn for this ingrate,

Cool, cool it then, cool it then and raile since nothing nothing will prevaile, when a woman Love pretends tis but

till she gains her ends and for better and for worse is for marrow of the purse where she filts you ore and ore proves a Slattern

or a Whore this hour will tieze will tieze and vex will tieze will tieze & vex and will Cuckold you the next, they were all contriv'd in

Sight to torment us not delight but to Scold to Scold to Scorch and bite and not one of them proves right but all all are witches

by this light, And Job I fairly bid em and the world good night good night good night good night good night good night.

Oh lead me. A SONG in BONDAGE ⁽²⁶⁾ Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

Oh lead me, lead me to some peace-full Gloom, where none but
Sigh-ing, none but sighing, sighing Lovers come; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never
Soun - - - d; never, never sound, but one eternal hush, one eter-nal hush goes round.
There let me sooth my pleasing pain, there let me sooth my pleasing pain, and
never, never think of War never, never think of War, never, never think of War, never, never,
never, never, never, never think of War again; What glo-ry, what glo-ry, what glo-ry can
can a Lover have, to conquer, to conquer yet be still a slave, what glo-ry, what glo-ry
- - ry can a Lo-ver have to conquer to conquer, to conquer yet be still, still a Slave, yet, yet be
still, yet, yet be still yet, yet be still, still a slave.

Sound Fame, A SONG in Dioclesian, ⁽²⁷⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.
within the Compass of the Flute.

Sound Fame, thy Brazen Trumpet Sound, Sound, thy Brazen Trumpet Sound,

Stand, Stand in the centre stand, in the centre of the Universe, and call and

call, y^e listning World a-round, While we in joy,

full Notes rehearse, in artfull Numbers

in artfull Numbers and well cho-sen verse, Great Dioclesian.

Great Di-o clesians Glory.

Great Dioclesian, Great Di-o clesians Glory.

Great Di-o cle-sian Glory.

The Conjurers SONG or the Croaking of ⁽²⁸⁾ y Toad Set by M^r Henry Purcell.
Within the Compar of y Flute

YOU twice ten hundred Deities, to whom to whom we daily Sacrifices. Ye powers, ye
powers that dwell with Fates below, and see what men are doom'd to do, where Elements in
dis- cord dwell, thou God of sleep arise & tell, tell great Zempoalla, b
strange strange Fate must on her dis- mal dis- mal Vision wait.
By the croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a bode by y Croaking of
Toad in their Caves that make a bode Earthy Dun, Earthy Dun y pa
nts for breath, with her five w'd sides full, full, fu- ll of.
death by y Crested Aders Pride, by y Crested Aders Pride that a long the Cliffs doe

gli- de by thy Visage, by thy Visage feir- ce and
 black, by thy Deaths Head on thy back, by thy twif-
 ted Serpents plac'd for a girdle rou- nd thy Wast, by y Hearts of
 Gold that deck, thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck; from thy
 sleep-ing Mansion rise, and open, and open, thy un-will-ing Eyes.
 While bubbling Springs their Musick keep while bubbling Springs their
 Musick keep, that use to Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee, in thy sleep,
 that use to Lull thee, Iull thee, Lull thee,
 use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy sleep.

A two part SONG Set by ⁽³⁰⁾ M^r Henry Purcell.

And in each track of Glo-ry, Since, and in each track of Glo-ry, Since, of Glo-ry, since, for their lov'd Country, or their Prince.

Princes that hate, that hate Romes Tyranny, and joyn the Nations right, with their own Royalty, none were more ready, none were more ready, none, none, none, none, none were more ready, in distress to save, no none were more Loyal, none, were more Loyal, none, none more Brave.

For the Flute

A two part SONG between Cupid & Bacchus in Timon of Athens
Set by Mr Henry Purcell

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "Come let us agree". The score is written on three staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Staff 1: Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come, come, come

Staff 2: Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come, come, come

Staff 3: Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come, come, come

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

There are pleasures divine, there are pleasures divine, in Love and in

There are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Handwritten musical score for the song "Wine, in Love and in Wine". The score is written on three staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second and third staves are bass clefs, also with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a focus on the words "Wine" and "Love".

Wine, in Love and in Wine, there are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in
 Wine, & in Love there are pleasures are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

A Song for 2 Voices set to Musick by Mr H. Purcell.

Come, come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us leave the Town Come come, come, come, Come

Come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave the Town; Come, come, come, come

come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us, let us leave the Town: And in some lonely place where Crickets &

Come, come, come, come let us leave let us, let us leave of Town, and in some lonely place where

Noise, where crickets and noise, where never, never, never, never known to so... do to

Cricket where crickets & Noise were never, never, never, never known to so... do to

spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant, shades... in pleasant pleasant, shades, upon the

spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant, pleasant, in pleasant, pleasant, pleasant shades, upon the

Grass at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmless sports shall pass, our days in harmless

Grass at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmless sports shall pass our

sports, in harmless sports shall pass; thus Time shall slide away

days in harmless sports shall pass; thus Time shall slide away

A SONG for two Voices Set by ⁽³³⁾ M^r. Henry Purcell.

Dulcibella, Dulcibella when e'er I sue for a kiss, Dulcibella, Dulcibella when e'er I sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no crys no, no, no, no, bella when e'er I sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no, crys no, no, no, no, leave me, leave me, leave me Alexis, ah what would you do, ah what would you do, what would you do, what would you do, when I tell her Ill go, Still she crys no, no, no, no my Alexis, no, no my Alexis, ah tell me not tell me not So, ah, ah, ah tell me not tell me not So.

Tell me fair one, tell me faire one, tell me why, why so coming, why, why, why so coming, why so
 Tell me fair one, tell me faire one, tell me why, why, why, why so coming, why, why, why so
 coming, why so Shy, why so kind, so kind, so kind and why, and why so coy, tell me
 coming, why, why, why so Shy, why so kind, so kind, so kind & why so coy, and why so coy, tell me
 fair one, tell me fair one, tell me, tell me why you'l neither let me fig - ..
 fair one, tell me fair one, tell me, tell me why you'l neither let me fig - ..
 .. ht nor fly, tell me fair one, tell me fair one,
 .. ht nor fly, tell me fair one, tell me fair one,
 tell me why, you'l neither let me li - ..
 tell me why, you'l neither let me li - .. -ve, you'l
 -ve, you'l neither let me li - .. -ve, nor Dye.
 neither let me li - .. -ve, nor Dye.

Fair Cloe A SONG ⁽³⁵⁾ Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

Fair Cloe my breast so-A-larms from her pow'r I no refuge can

Fair Cloe my breast so a larms from her pow'r from her pow'r I no refuge can

find if a nother I take to my Arms yet my Cloe yet my Cloe is then in my mind

find if a nother I take to my arms yet my Cloe is then in my mind

unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want still a pleasure I want which none but

unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want which none but

my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga - - - - -

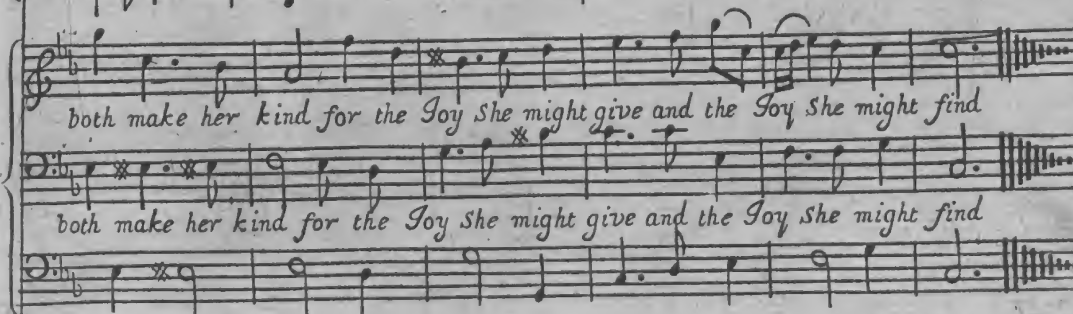
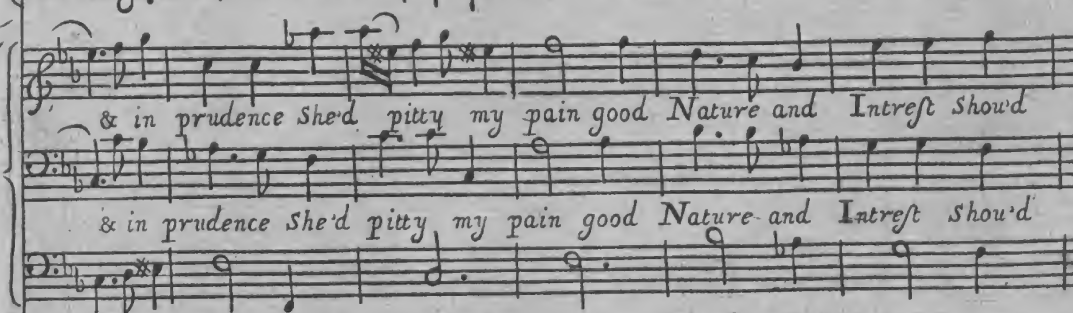
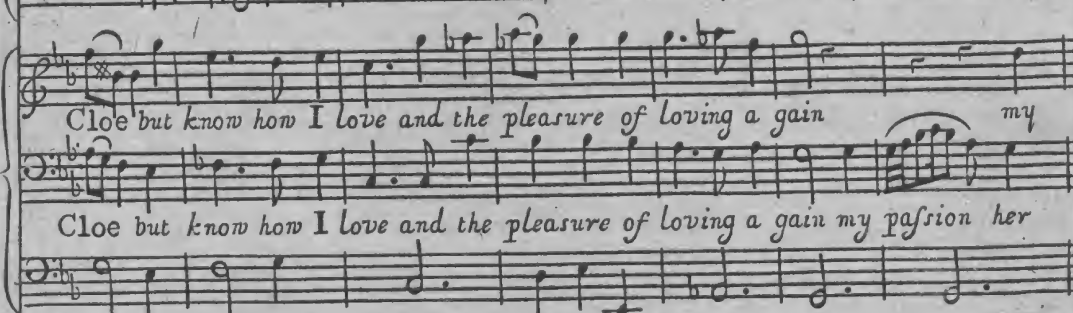
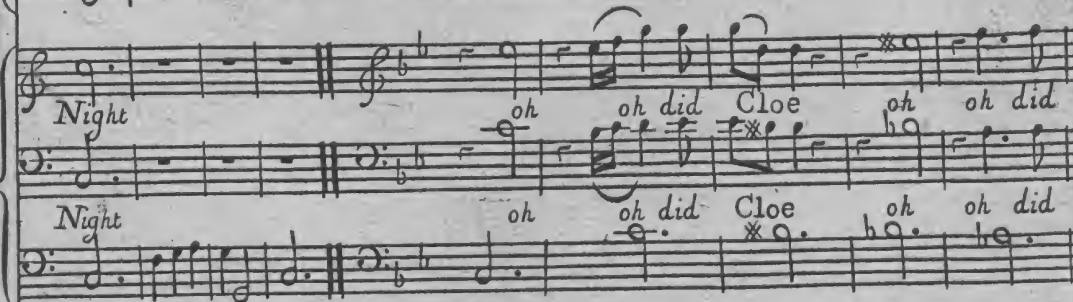
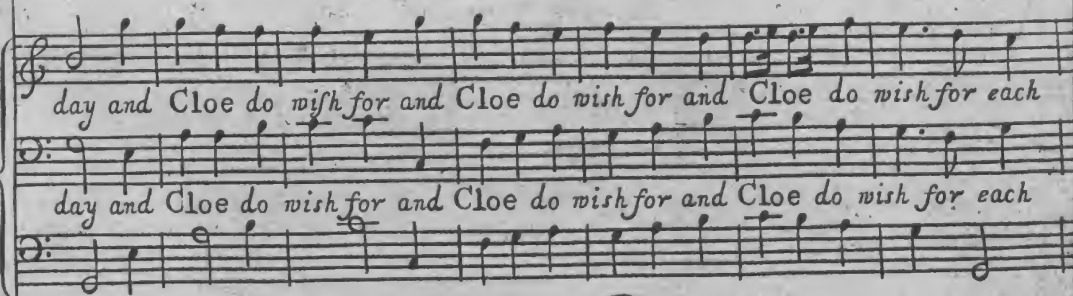
my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga - - - - -

- - - - - y and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I cou'd gaze all the

- - - - - y and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I cou'd gaze all the

day all all the day all all all all the day all all the day on Cloe I cou'd gaze all the

day all all y day all all all all the day all all y day on Cloe I cou'd gaze all the



A two Part SONG Set by ⁽³⁷⁾ M^r Henry Purcell.

LET Hector A-chil-les, and each brave Com-mander, let Hector A-chil-les, and

76 Let Hector A-chil-les, & each brave Com-

each brave Commander with Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey, and great, great

-mander, and each brave Commander, wth Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey, & great

and great Alex-ander, all Nations and Kingdoms all Nations and Kingdoms with Conquest

and great Alex-an-der, all Nations and Kingdoms all Nations and Kingdoms

sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, more, more

with Conquest sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, yet

more, yet more then all this, yet more then all this bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her

more then all this, yet more then all this more, more, bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her

conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-prize the Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms, are

conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-prize, y^e Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms, are

sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains and in Tri-umph in Chains & in Tri-

sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains & in Tri-umph

-umph she carries them all and if she but frown then down then down they all fall down they fall down they

-umph she carries them all and if she but frown then down then down they all *fa* *3 5 3* *3 4 3* *4 5 4* *3 3 2*

fall down - - - n down down they all fall in Chains and in Tri-

ll down they fall down they fall down then down they all fall *in Chains & in Tri - -*

-umph she carries them all and if she but frown then down they all fall down they fall down they

-umph she carries them all and if she but frown then down they all *fa* *3 5 3* *3 4 3* *4 5 4* *3 3 2*

fa - - ll down - - n down down they all fall down down down down down down they all fall

ll down they fall down they all fall down they down they all fall down down down - - n they all fall

A two part SONG ⁽³⁹⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

LOST is my Qui-et for e-ver, lost is my Qui-et for e-ver, lost for e-ver, for

LOST is my Quiet for e-ver, e-ver, lost is my Quiet for e-ver, for

e-ver, lost, lost is my Quiet for ever, ever, lost is Life's hap-pi-est part, lost, all

e-ver, lost is my Quiet for e-ver, for ever, ever, lost is Life's hap-pi-est part, lost,

all, all my ten-der Endeavours, to tou- ch an in-sen-si-ble Heart,

all, all my ten-der Endeavours, to tou- ch an in-sen-si-ble Heart,

But tho my De-spair, is past curing, but tho my De-spair my De-spair is past

But tho my De-spair, is past curing but tho my De-spair is past

Handwritten musical score for a song titled "The Miserable Condition of the Poor". The score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics "curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate Ile show by a patient en - - - du - - - ring my Love" are written below the first two staves. The second staff continues the melody and includes the lyrics "curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate". The third staff continues the melody and includes the lyrics "Ile show by a patient en du ring". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. There are also some handwritten annotations like "4# 6 7 4# 1" and "# 4 2" below the notes.

for the
FLUTE

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on five staves using a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals (sharps, flats, naturals), and dynamic markings like 'I' and '2'. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a B-flat key signature. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a double bar line with a first ending bracket labeled 'I' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The fourth and fifth staves complete the piece, ending with a double bar line and a final flourish. The handwriting is in ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

A two part SONG in King Arthur Set by M^r Hen: Purcell

Sound a Parly ye Fair and Surrender, sound, sound, sound, sound, a Parly ye Fair

Sound, sound, sound, sound, a Parly ye Fair and Surrender, Sound a Parly ye Fair, sound a

ir a Parly ye Fair & Surrender, set your selves & your Lovers at ease He's a

Par - - ly ye Fair & Surrender, set your selves & your Lovers at ease He's a greatfull a

greatfull a greatfull offender who plea - - - - - sure dare seize but if whineing pre

greatfull offender who pleasure who plea - - - - - sure dare seize but the

- tender the whineing pretender is sure to displease Sound a Parly ye Fair and Surrender

whineing if whineing pretender is sure to displease Sound sound sound sound, a Parly ye

sound, sound, sound, sound, a Parly ye Fair sou - - - - - nd a Parly ye Fair & Surrender Since if

Fair & Surrender sound a Parly ye Fair Sound a Par - - - ly ye Fair & Surrender Since if

fruit of desire is possesing tis unmanly to Sigh tis unmanly to Sigh & complain when we kneel for re -

fruit of desire is possesing tis unmanly to Sigh tis unmanly to Sigh & complain when we

redressing we kneel for redressing we move your disdain Love was
kneel for redressing we kneel for redressing we move your disdain

made for a Blessing a Blessing Love was made Love was made for a Blessing
Love was made love was made love was made for a Blessing Love was made for a

sing and not for a pain Love was made for a Blessing
Blessing was made for a Blessing and not for a pain Love was made for a

sing and not for a Pain
Blessing was made for a Blessing and not for a Pain

For the FLUTE

Sing all ye Muses A SONG Set by ⁽⁴⁸⁾ M^r Hen^r Purcell, The Words by M^r Dufrey.

Sing, Sin - - - - - g all ye Mu-ses, Sin - - - - - g, sing, sing, your Lutes strike, strike,

Sing, Sin - - - - - g all ye Mu-ses sing, your Lutes strike,

Strike a - round - - - - - d, your Lutes strike a - round,

strike strike a - round - - - - - d, your Lutes strike a - round.

When a Soldier's the sto-ry, when a Soldier's the sto-ry what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the

When a Soldier's the sto-ry, when a Soldier's the sto-ry what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the

Sto-ry what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, wounds, wounds,

Sto-ry what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, wounds,

Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes easy, comes easy, ed-sy in

Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes easy, ed-sy in

Ci-ties of Store, but the Gold is earnd hard, where the Cannons do Ro - - - - - ar but the

Ci-ties of Store, but the Gold is earnd hard, where the Cannons do

Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they

Ro 4... 6... 4... 7... 6... 4... 3... do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon, they Sea...

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon,

... le the high Wall, they Sea... le the high Wall whence they see

they Sea... le the high Wall, the high Wall whence they see

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

Darling, bright Glo... ry, bright Glo... ry pur-suing, tho

Darling, bright Glo... ry, bright Glo... ry pur-suing, tho

Slow

(45)

Deaths un-der Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, It springs, it springs,

Deaths under Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, Up they

it springs, it springs up they Fl--- y, they Fl--- y, yet

Fl--- y, it springs, it springs, 6 it springs, it springs 6 up they Fl---

more, more, more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply, as Bridegrooms to Marry they

y, yet, more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply as Bridegrooms to Marry they

has- ten to Dye, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her

has- ten, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her

Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being

Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being

Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings, then happy's She whose

Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings,

Face can win, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win a Soldier's Grace, they Range a
happy's She, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win, a Soldier's Grace, they Range a
bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate no Luxury, in
bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate on Luxury, in
Peace nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par-ral-let the Joys can par-ral-let the
Peace nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par-ral-let the Joys can par-ral-let the
Joys the Mar-tial Marti-all He-ro Crown when flush'd with Ra-
Joys the Mar-tial He-ro Crown when flush'd with
ge and forc'd by want forc'd by want he Stor-
Ra-ge and forc'd by want he Stor-
ms he Stor-
ms a wealthy Town
Stor-
ms a wealthy Town

To Arms and Britains strike home, two SONGS in Bonduca.
Set by M^r Henry Purcell.: Within the Compass of the FLUTE

To Arms, to arms, to arms, to arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to

To arms to arms, to arms to arms to

arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to

arms to arms, to arms, to arms to arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to

arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms to arms to arms, to arms your Ensigns

arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms your Ensigns

Straits display now now now now now now now now now set the

Straits display now now now now now now now now now set the

Battle in array The Oracle for Warr de clares, for

Battle in array The Oracle for Warr de clares, for

warr de clares, Success depends, Success depends up

warr de clares, Success depends, Success depends up

on our hearts and Spears. The Oracle for Warr de-
 on our hearts and Spears. The Oracle for Warr de-
 -clares for Warr declares Suc- cefs depends, Suc-
 -clares for Warr declares Suc- cefs depends, Suc-
 -cefs depends up- on our hearts and Spears.
 -cefs depends up- on our hearts and Spears.

A Verse in Bonduca. Britains strike home.

Britains strike home. Re-venge, re-venge your Countrys wrongs;
 Fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-cord your selves in
 Druids Songs, fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-
 -cord re-cord your selves in Druids Songs.

49

[illegible]

Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she
 Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she but reach him but reach
 but reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if She but reach him with her voice, he
 him with her voice, if she but reach him with her voice, he dies, he dies, he
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.

very Slow

For the Flute

very Slow

The Mad Dialogue Sung by M^r Leveridge and M^{rs} Lynsey Sett by M^r Purcell.

He

Behold, behold the Man that with Gigan tick Might dares, dares, dares Combat

Heaven again sto rm, Joves bright Palace put the Gods to flig ht,

Chaos renew and make perpe tu al Night, Come on, come on, come

on come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, come on, come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, that

petty, petty Jars maintain, that petty, petty Jars maintain, I've all, all the Wars of Europe, all the

Wars of Europe in my Brain, I've all, all, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain,

She

Whos he that talks of War, when charming, charming Beau-ty comes in, whos sweet, sweet,

sweet Face di-vinely fair, e-ter-nal plea sure, e-ter-nal plea

sure, e-ter-nal plea sure, comes, when I ap-

pear, the Martial, Martial God a Conquerd Victim lyes, obeys each glance, each anfull nod, and dreads the

Light ning of my killing Eyes, more, more than the fiercest, the fiercest, the fiercest thun

He der in the Skies, Ha, ha, now, now, now, now we mount up high, now, now

we mount up high, the Sun's bright God and I, Charge, Charge, Charge on the Azure, Charge on the

Azure dawns of ample Sky, See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thimmortall

Spirits ru n. See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thimmortall, spirits ru

n, pur - sue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, Drive e'm o're the

burning Zone, drive e'm o're the burning Zone from thence come row ling down, come

row ling down, and search the Globe below, with all the gulphy Main, to find my lost, my

wan dring sense, my wan dring Sense a - gain, She By, this dis

joynted matter that crowds thy Pe-vicranium, I nicely have found, that thy Brain is not found, and

He

thou shalt be, and thou shalt be my Companion, Come, come, come, come, come, come, let us plague the
 World then, I embrace the blest oc—casion for by instinct I find thou art one of the kind, thou art
 one of the kind, that first brought in, that first brought in Dan—nation,

III

She. My Face has Heaven Inchant'd,
 With all the Sky born Fellows,
 Jove press'd to my Breast and my Bosom he kiss'd,
 Which made old Juno jealous.

IV

He. I challeng'd Grifly Pluto,
 But the God of Fire did skin me,
 Witty Hermes I drub'd round the Pole with my Club,
 For breaking Jokes upon me,
 Chorus of both,
 Then Mad very Mad very Mad let us be,
 For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
 And all things in Nature are mad too as we,

V

She. I found Apollo Singing,
 The tune my Rage Increases

CHORUS

Then Mad very Mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad, very
 Then Mad, very mad, very mad very mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad, very
 Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a—gree, & all things in Nature are Mad, mad, mad &
 Mad, very Mad, let us be for Europe does now with our Frenzy a—gree 16 and all things in nature are
 all things in Nature are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad are mad too as we, are mad too as we,
 Mad, mad, mad, and all things in nature are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad, are mad too as we, are mad too as we,

I made him so blind with a look that was kind,
 That he broke his Lyre to pieces,

VI

He. I drank a Health to Venus,
 And the Mole on her white Shoulder,
 Mars flinch'd at the Glass and I thren't in his Face,
 Was ever Hero bolder,

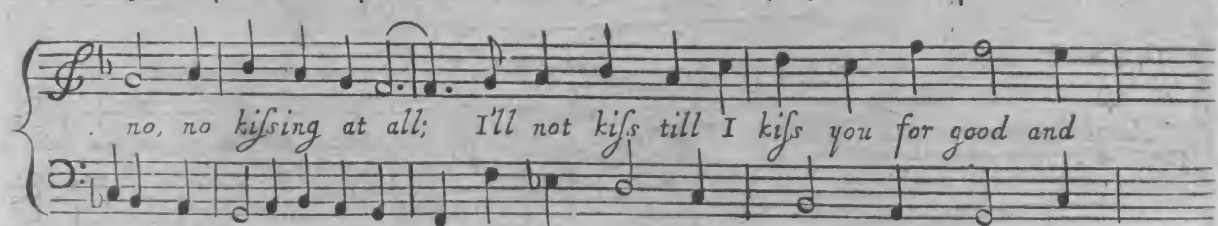
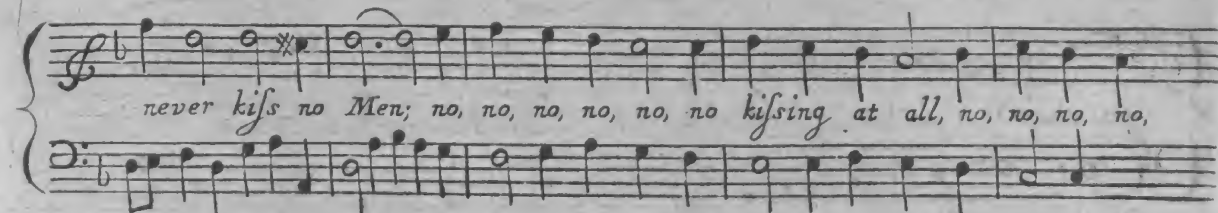
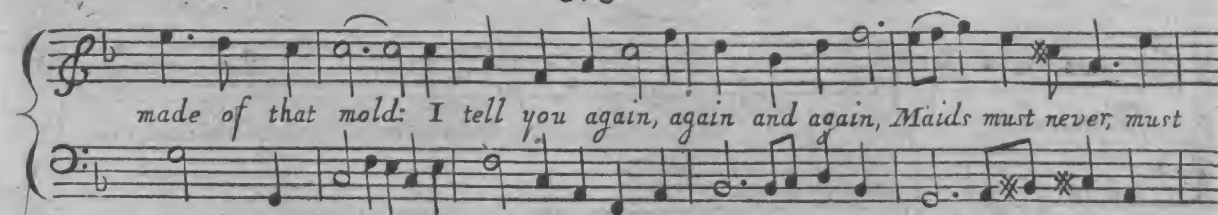
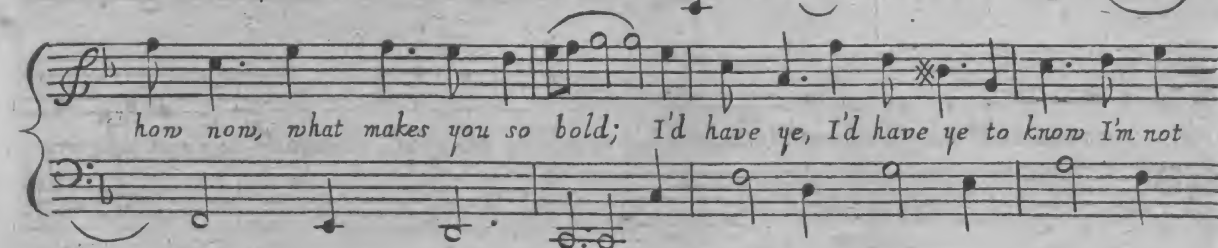
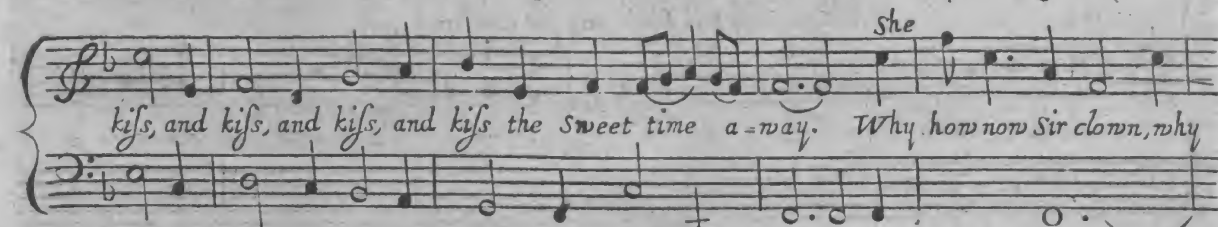
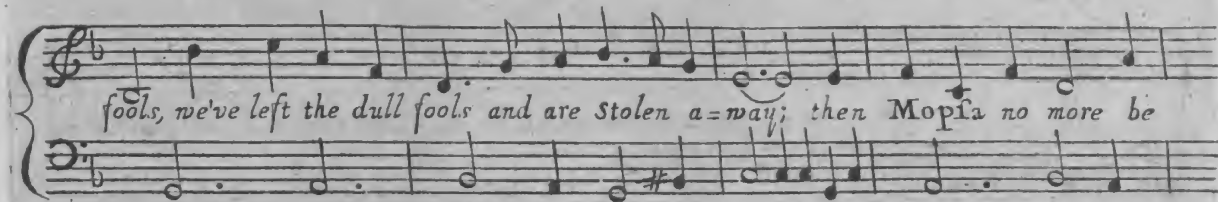
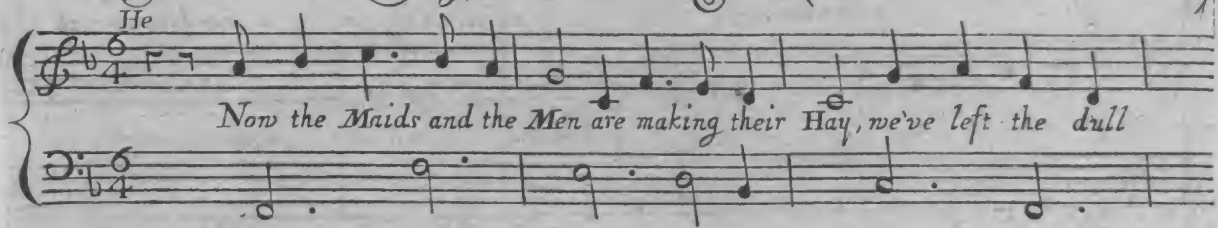
VII

She. 'Tis true my dear Alcides,
 Things tend to dissolution,
 The Charms of a Crown and the Crafts of the Gown,
 Have brought all to Confusion,

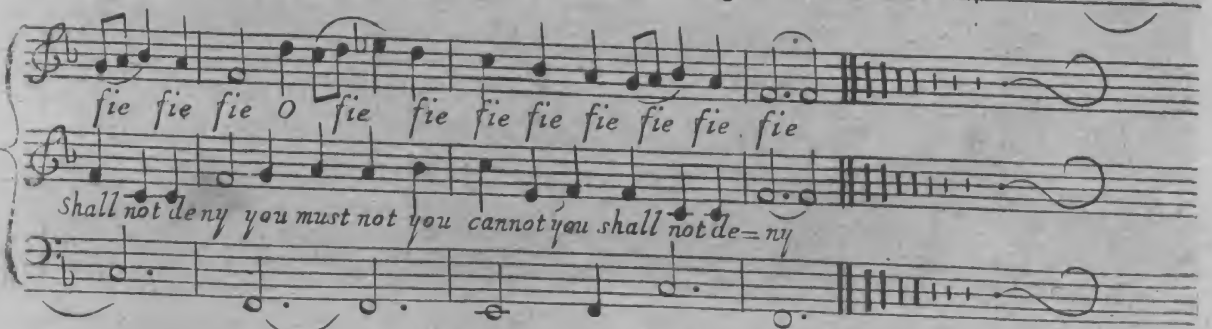
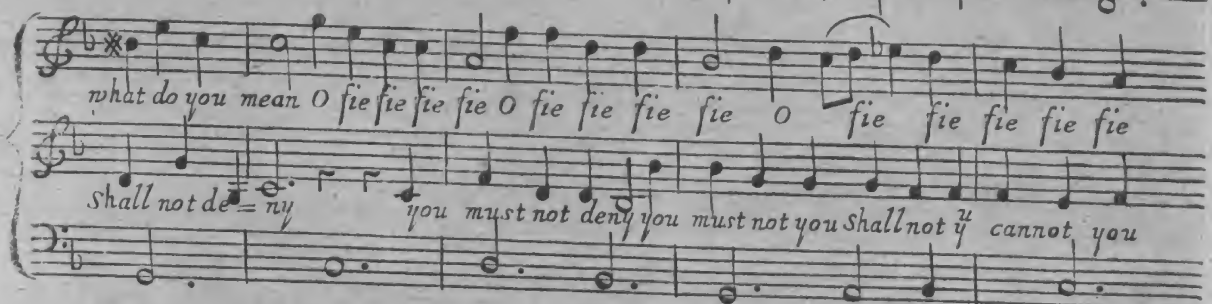
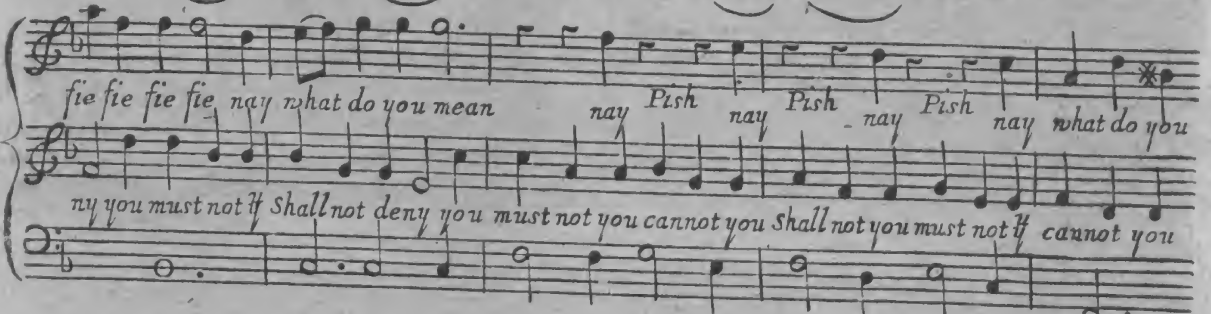
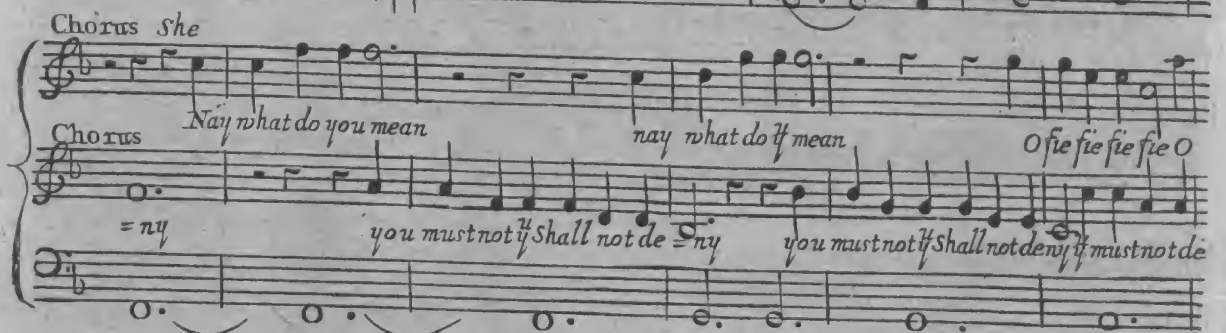
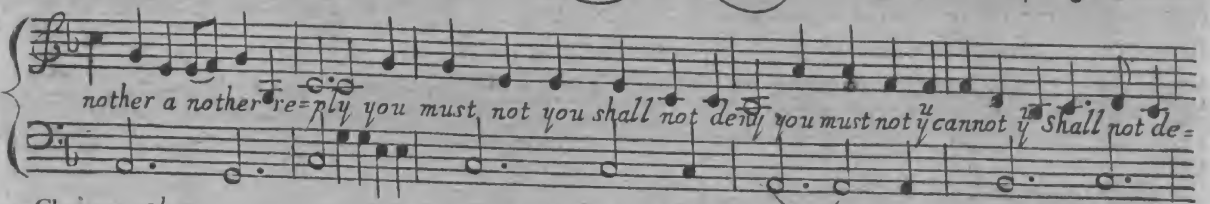
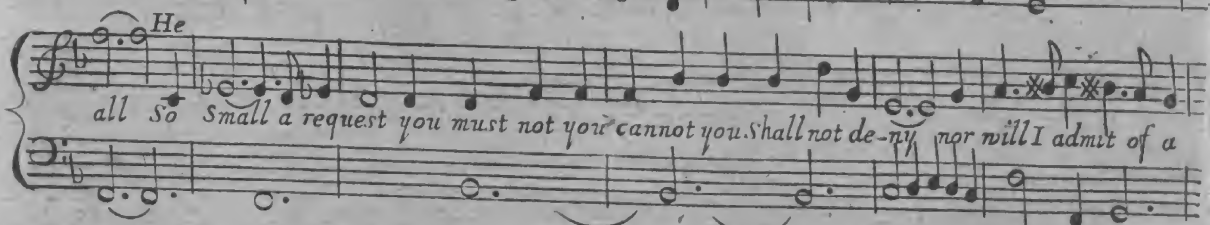
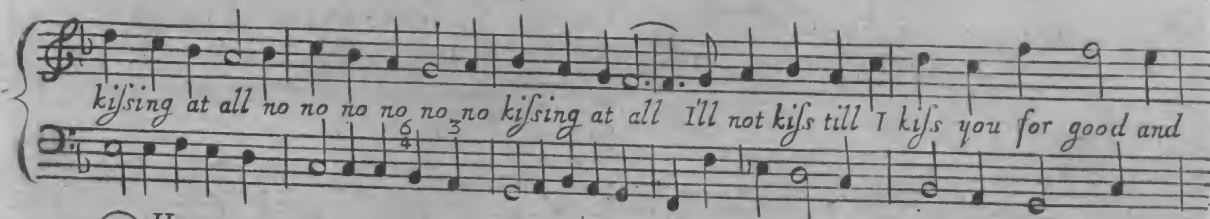
VIII

He. The haughty French begun it,
 The English Wits pursue it,
 She. The German and Turk still go on with it Work,
 He. And all in time will rue it,

(54)
*A Dialogue in the Opera call'd the Fairy Queen Set by M^r
Henry Purcell Sung by M^r Reading and (M^r Pate in womans habit)*

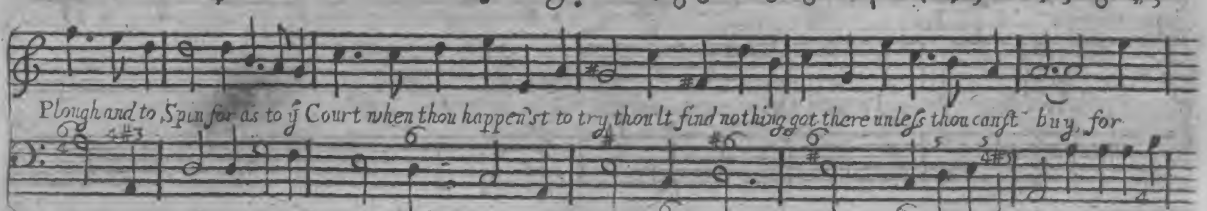
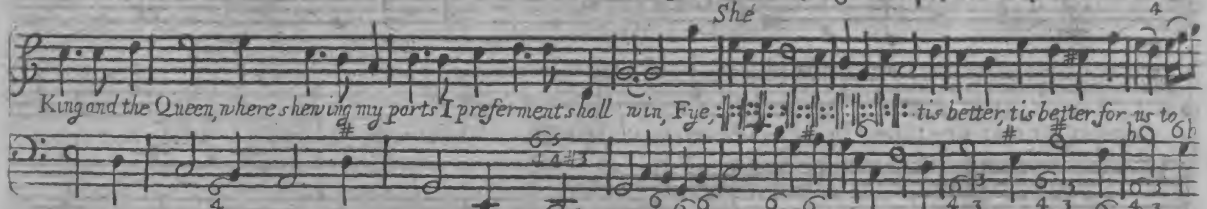
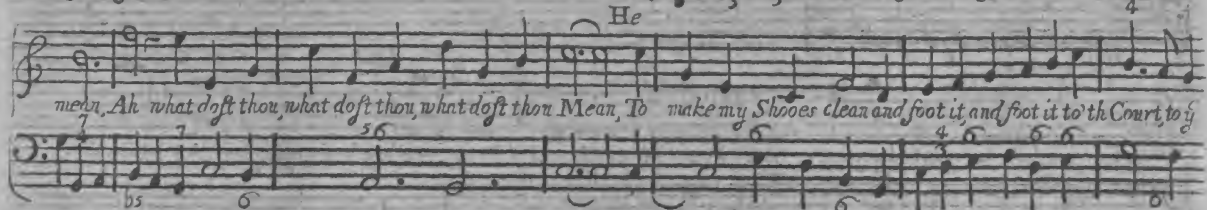
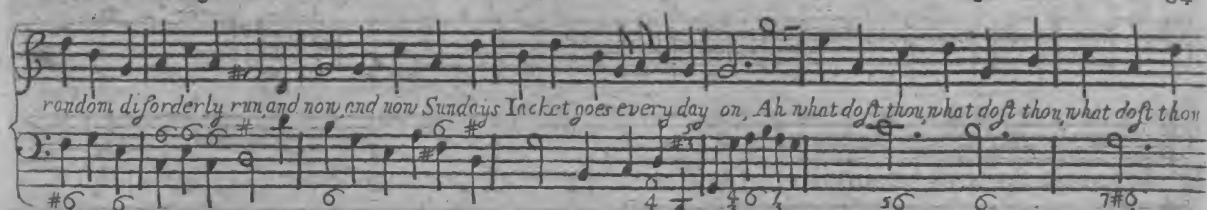
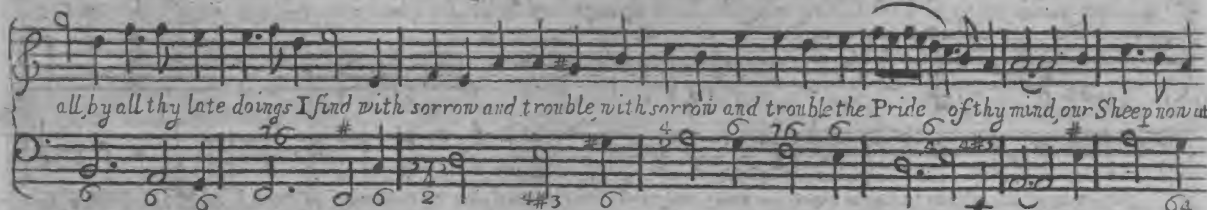
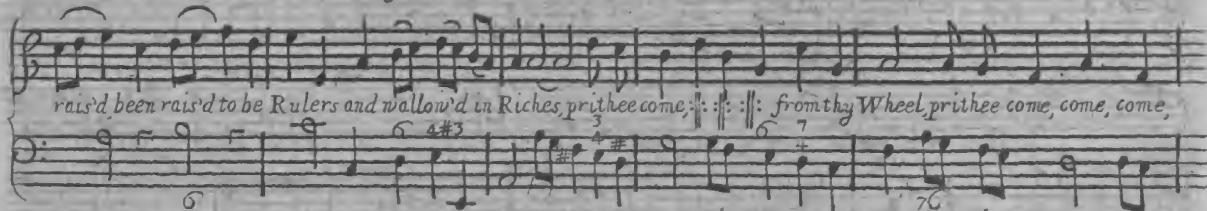
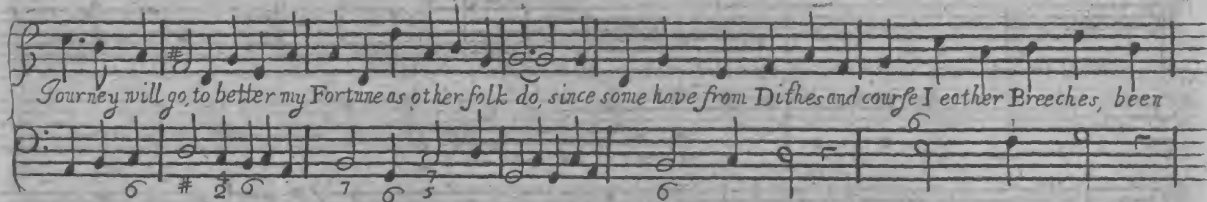
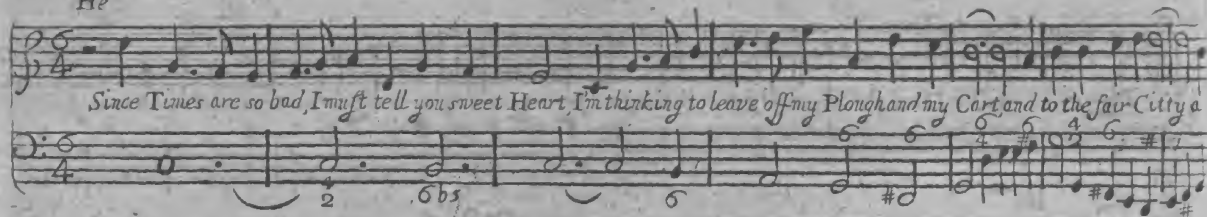


She
all;
He no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at
 Not kiss you at all, not kiss you at all, not at all;
all, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; no, no, no, no,
 not kiss you at all; why no, why no not at all,
 no, I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and all. *He*
 why no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; Should you give me a
 Score, I would not lessen your store, then bid me, bid me cheerfully, cheerfully kiss and take my
She
 fill, and take my fill my fill of the bliss; I'll not trust you so far I know you too well, should I
 give you an Inch you'd soon you'd soon take an Ell; then Lord like you Rule & Laugh - - then
 Lord like you Rule and Laugh - - at the Fool; no, no, no, no, no, no, no



(57)
A Dialogue in the 2^d Part of Don Quixote Set by M^r. H. Purcell.

He



Mony the Divil, the Divill and all's to be found, but no good parts minded, no, no, no, no good parts minded without the good
 He

Pould, Why then I'll take Arms, why then I'll take Arms I'll take Arms and follow, and follow All our habit Honour that
 She

now a days plaguely Charms, And so lo's a limb by a Shot or a Blow and curse thy self after for leaving for leaving the Plough,
 He She He She He

Suppose I turn Gamester, So Cheat and be Bang'd, What think'st of the Road then the Highway to be Hang'd Nice Pimping
 She

however yields profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife, That's dangerous too amongst the town Crew
 He

for some of em will do the same thing by you, and then I to Cuckold ye may be drawn in, faith Collin 'tis better I
 He She

Sit here and Spin, faith Collin 'tis better I sit here and Spin, Will nothing prefer me what think'st of the Law, Oh
 He She

while you live Collin keep out of that Paw, I'll Cant and I'll Pray, Ah, there's naught got, Ah, there's
 He

naught got that way, there's no one minds now what those Black Cattle Say, Let all our whole care be our
 He

Farming affair, To make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,
 He

Ambition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my Distaff, Am

Ambition Ambitions a trade no Contentment can show, and I to my Plough,

—bition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Ambition, Ambitions a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Chorus

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear, Am

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,

bition, Ambitions a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my Distaff, Am

Ambition, Ambitions a Trade no Contentment can show, and I to my Plough,

—bition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Ambition, Ambitions a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

A Dialogue in the Prophetess Set by M^r Hen: Purcell

Tell me why, tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why, tell me
why you thus deny me: can despair, can despair, or these Sighs & looks of care,
make Corinna ever fl - - y me, ever fly me, tell me why
tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why you thus deny me: Oh Mirtill - - lo
you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, She who hears inclines to Sin, who parlies
half gives up the town, & ravenous love soon enters, in when once the out works
beaten down: then my Sighs & tears won't move ye, no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo
you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye: no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo
you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, I respect but dare not

love ye: Could this lovely charming Maid, think Mir = tillo would deceive her, could Co =

= rinna be afraid, She by him should be betray'd, no, no, no, no, too well too well I love her,

therefore cannot be above her, oh, oh, oh, oh, let love nth love be paid: my heart my

life, my heart my life, my all I give her, let me now, now, now, let me now, now, now, ah

now, now, now receive her. Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too, willing, can I

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing; ah I dye, ah I dye, I

dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye, ah I

dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I

will, yet, yet I will, I will beleive ye.

(62)
CHORUS

Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too willing: can that
Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too, willing: can that

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing: ah I dye, ah I
look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing: ah. I dye,

dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye
ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, I will beleive ye

ah I dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet,
ah I dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will beleive ye.
will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye.